

The Classical Bulletin

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Vol. X

MARCH, 1934

No. 6

A Roman Rip Van Winkle

The Rip-Van-Winkle theme seems to have caught the ancient fancy as much as the modern. In the CLASSICAL BULLETIN for November 1928, Sr. Stanislaus, O. S. U., of Cleveland, Ohio, gave an interesting account of "Rip Van Winkle in Crete," and traced the continuity of the theme down to Washington Irving's delightful tale. In more recent numbers of the BULLETIN, Fr. DaMilano, S. J., of Creighton University, is making available for our Latin classes, in more or less regular instalments ever since November 1932, his own clever Latin rendering of Irving's story under the title "De Casibus Ripii Vinkellii." Here at St. Louis we had the good fortune last summer of witnessing an elaborate presentation of the story by our Municipal Opera, with the justly renowned Joseph Macaulay singing the title rôle. May I call attention to the fact that, in addition to the Cretan and the American, we have a genuine Roman Rip Van Winkle, whose story has come down in some twenty fragments of one of Varro's *Saturae Menippeae*, entitled *Sexagessis*. These scanty remains are contained in the *De Compendiosa Doctrina*, a dictionary-like work compiled by Nonius Marcellus, who lived in the fourth century of our era. If we here attempt to fit these fragments together into what seems to be their correct order, the classical reader whose own researches have led him into the shadow-world of "Fragments," will of course understand that the attempt must needs be hazardous, inasmuch as we may mistake the exact meaning of some particular scrap of ancient information.

There are three important collections of the fragments of the *Sexagessis*: Buecheler's *Petronii Satirae et Liber Priapeorum* (Berlin, 1882); Riese's *M. Terenti Varronis Saturarum Menippearum Reliquiae* (Leipzig, 1865), and Merry's *Selected Fragments of Roman Poetry* (Oxford, 1898; 2nd ed.). The last-named work gives an interpretation of the fragments, but the collection is not as complete as are those of Buecheler and Riese. In Mommsen's *History of Rome* (Engl. Tr. by W. P. Dickson; N. Y., 1900; Vol. V, p. 494) the *Sexagessis* is referred to in a footnote. Adopting the reading which makes the best sense, and departing not a little from the order which other editors have assigned the fragments, we here propose to assemble these *disiecta membra* in such a way as to work them into a unified whole. The fragments may be catalogued under the following three headings: 1) introductory—relating the circumstances in which the Roman Rip (Marcus is his name) finds himself at the time the story opens; 2) the changed conditions in Rome—here belongs the bulk of the fragments;

3) concluding fragments—showing the effect of Marcus's remonstrances on himself and on his fellows.

The word *Sexagessis*, not found in Harper's *Latin Dictionary*, is mentioned by Facciolati-Forcellini merely as the title of one of Varro's Menippean Satires, while Georges's *Ausführliches Handwörterbuch* refers to Priscian's definition, given in his *de fig. num.* # 31, p. 416, 33 K.: "the sum of sixty asses." Varro applies the word, humorously, to a sixty-year old Roman Epimenides, who has just awakened from a sleep of fifty years, and exclaims mournfully: "Alas for the foolish slumber of my (ordinarily) wakeful breast, a slumber which came upon me as a stripling youth":

O stulta nostri pectoris dormitio
vigilabilis, quae me puellum impuberem
cepisti! (B 1)

We may picture to ourselves the newly-awakened slumberer as yawning, stretching himself, glancing about at his strange surroundings, and then suddenly becoming aware of the physical changes in himself; for Varro, speaking in his own person, says of him: "He looked about and found that he himself, who had fallen asleep as hairless as Soerates, was now become a hedge-hog, with whitish bristles and a snout":

Se circumspece atque invenisse se, cum dormire
coepisset tam glaber quam Soerates, esse factum ericium
cum pilis albis, cum proboscide. (B 6)

This change was apparently not altogether distasteful or unexpected, for Marcus, using a comparison that Soerates himself might have employed, remarks in a philosophical mood: "After all, in this wise a pup becomes a full-grown dog, and so does a grain of wheat finally change to a stalk":

Sic canis fit e catello, sic e tritico spica. (B 19)

The scene now shifts to Rome, where even more striking changes have occurred than are the alterations in the sleeper's exterior. Evidently Marcus had started on his slumber of half a century outside the city, for we hear him say (and may we not read into his remark the sighs and sentiments of a *laudator temporis acti*?) : "On returning to Rome I found nothing there the same as I had left it fifty years before, when my sleep commenced":

Romam regressus ibi nihil offendi, quod ante annos
quinquaginta, cum primum dormire coepi, reliqui. (B 7)

The Roman, a born statesman, would first notice political changes. A thriving business in the buying of votes

has been established during the long slumber of the Roman Rip. Accordingly Marcus ruefully remarks: "Where they once held elections, there is now a thriving business going on":

Ubi tum comitia habebant, ibi nunc fit mercatus. (B 13)

There is apparently a New Deal (but, unlike ours, a disreputable one) in the judicial system too, for "the avaricious judge deems the prisoner at the bar his own private gold mine":

Avidus iudex reum ducit esse κοινόν Ἐρμῆν; (B 15)

and, in fact, only one law is universally obeyed: "Men don't act as the real laws enjoin: the law of 'Give and Take' has everyone on fire":

Quod leges iubent, non faciunt: δὸς καὶ λαβὴ fervit omnino. (B 14)

Perhaps Varro (or it may be Marcus himself) is quoting the words with which one of the Romans tries to palliate this perversion of justice: "I go (went?) to add a bit of change from someone's coffers to my own pocket by way of travelling expenses":

Eo, ut viaticum ex arcula adderem in bulgam. (B 8)

Change is evident in viands too: Marcus exclaims in astonishment at the lavishness with which the prodigal Romans furnish their *mensae*: "In the old days only wedding feasts caught sight of Luerine oysters":

Tunc nuptiae videbant ostream Luerinam. (B 17)

From which it appears that, in the altered mode of life at Rome, this delicacy of gourmands was everyday fare. All these changes for the worse Marcus deploras: "So, in those days of Rome people lived frugal, moral, and modest lives, but now we are plunged into chaos":

Ergo tum Romae parce pureque pudentes
vixere in patria: at nunc sumus in rutuba. (B 14)

He compares the thoughtless Roman of the new era to a duck, foolishly beguiled by decoys: "To no avail does he on his swift pinions follow the trembling-footed ducks, fowl with imitation bills, in marsh-lands, emerging from the shades of night into the rays of the torch light":

Nequiquam is agilipennis anates tremipedas
buxeis cum rostris pecudis in paludibus
de nocte nigra ad lumina lampadis sequens. (B 4)

Marcus inquires about the old ancestral virtues: "In place of which there have intruded, like squatters, impiety, disloyalty, and impudence":

In quarum locum subierunt inquilinae impietas
perfidia impudicitia. (B 11)

To climax the changes, a terrible practice has displaced the old filial piety. Marcus protests against it in a rhetorical question: "What lad of ten nowadays does not, I will not say 'carry,' but 'have his father carried out,' and that too by poison?":

Nunc quis patrem decem annorum natus non modo
aufert, sed tollit, nisi veneno? (B 12)

Riese compares this remark with a distich quoted by Suetonius (*Nero* 39):

Quis neget Aeneae magna de stirpe Neronem?
sustulit hic matrem, sustulit ille patrem.

Nero, we maintain, is Aeneas' own true lad:
He 'razed' his mother; Aeneas 'raised' his dad.

We are not of course to suppose that the young Romans bore with equanimity all these strong expressions of regret at changes in men's morals and manners. One of them breaks in with a remark not at all unlike one that a modern youth might fling in his teeth: "Marcus, you're all wrong in condemning us: why, you're still judging by your old-fashioned standards":

Erras, inquit, Marce, accusare nos—
ruminans antiquitates. (B 21)

It seems that there ensued a debate on the propriety of Marcus's sitting in judgment, for he says, pleading his right to express himself, particularly to his fellow Romans: "Are we to shrink from recalling from the evilness of their ways those who, as boys, set out chick-peas for us on festal days, because they, as men, venture to challenge us from on horseback?":

Qui nobis ministrarunt pueri diebus festis cicer, viri
equis nos provocare cum audeant, nos illo revocare timemus?
(B 20)

To this defence the young Romans may have replied that the innovations against which Marcus protested so vehemently were all right if they, the innovators, desired to introduce them. Marcus, however, had no patience with those who excuse their conduct on the ground that they *want* to act thus, and brushes all argument aside with a vigorous question: "(All this talk about 'wanting to' is nonsense.) If you had bought a mare, would you have paid as high a fee as I *wanted* to ask to breed your purchase with my donkey from Reate?":

An si equam emissas, quadripedem ut meo asino Reatino
admitteres, quantum poposcissem, dedisses equimentum? (B 18)

Angered by the tone of Marcus's protests, the young Romans lay violent hands on their aged critic and proceed to give a new turn to an old expression—*sexagenarios de ponte* (which originally meant that men of this age were excluded from the *pons* or voting booth)—by giving it a more literal meaning. The fact is that old men were actually thrown "from one of the bridges over the Tiber, as a relic of human sacrifice" (Merry, 220). Perhaps Marcus's protests had some good results. The older men may have joined him in bemoaning the changed conditions; but one of the young Romans asks impatiently: "Can't we see what is being brought to pass through the crass stupidity of this wretched old man?":

Sensibus crassis homulli non videmus qui-l fiat?

Fired by the words, the young Romans advance, and Marcus says: "We were summoned to be hurled from the bridge: the roar of the mob raged ominously":

Aeciti sumus, ut depontaremur: murmur fit ferus. (B 9)

A cry is heard: "Is the flame-wrapt torch ready?"

Adest fax involuta incendio? (B 2)

The sad sequel is thus told by Varro: "The words were hardly out of his mouth when, after an ancient fashion, they actually laid hold of the old men and hurled them from the bridge into Tiber's flood":

Vix ecfatus erat, cum more maiorum ultro casnares arripiunt, de ponte in Tiberim deturbant. (B 10)

And thus the fragmentary saga of the Roman Rip Van Winkle is exhausted. Mutilated as the remains are, they reveal the main outlines of the story which, in other respects, has hardly any point of contact with Irving's charming legend. Both Rips, on awakening from a long-extended sleep, find vast changes in the world they have known. We may wonder what psychological basis there is for the astounding longevity, in literature, of the idea of a sleeper returning to un-

familiar conditions. Cretans, Greeks, Romans, Germans, and Americans have all had their Rips. An anonymous volume entitled *Masterpieces of American Literature* (p. 6) suggests that Irving's tale appeals to an innate human curiosity with regard to the future, a sentiment not far removed from what some have considered an instinct of the human mind pointing toward personal immortality. Perhaps so; yet very possibly the explanation is much more simple. Once the Cretans, who were first in the field, had invented the plot, succeeding writers would naturally find it sufficiently interesting as affording them an opportunity for indulging their humorous bent, as in the case of Irving, and perhaps too, as in the case of the Roman sleeper, for satirizing existing foibles or vices of society, while at the same time pleasantly entertaining the reader. The humorist and the *laudator temporis acti* are two species that never wholly die.

St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN JOSEPH HODNETT

Inaugural Address of President Franklin D. Roosevelt

March 4, 1933

I am certain that my fellow Americans expect that on my induction into the Presidency I will address them with a candor and a decision which the present situation of our Nation impels. This is preeminently the time to speak the truth, the whole truth, frankly and boldly. Nor need we shrink from honestly facing conditions in our country to-day. This great Nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper.

So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing which we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance. In every dark hour of our national life a leadership of frankness and vigor has met with that understanding and support which is essential to victory. I am convinced that you will again give that support to leadership in these critical days.

In such a spirit on my part and on yours we face our common difficulties. They concern, thank God, only material things. Values have shrunk to fantastic levels; taxes have risen; our ability to pay has fallen; government of all kinds is faced by serious curtailment of income; the means of exchange are frozen in the currents of trade; the withered leaves of industrial enterprise lie on every side; farmers find no markets for their produce; the savings of many years in thousands of families are gone.

More important, a host of unemployed citizens face the grim problem of existence, and an equally great number toil with little return. Only a foolish optimist can deny the dark realities of the moment.

Yet our distress comes from no failure of substance. We are stricken by no plague of locusts. Compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered because they believed and were not afraid, we have still much to be thankful for. Nature still offers her bounty and human efforts have multiplied it.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Oratione Sollemni Supremum Rei Publicae Magistratum Auspicatur a. d. IV Non. Mart. MCMXXXIII

Non ignoro cives meos Americanos confidere, supremo me rei publicae muneri praeficiendum ea secum integritate animi, ea esse firmitate mentis acturum, quam nostra exposcunt tempora. Nunc enimvero, si unquam antea, id tempus est, quo verum, nulla veri parte omitta, libere atque audacter dici oporteat. Non est cur recusemus, quominus sincere quo nunc statu sit civitas perscrutemur. Haec etenim res publica nostra, tanta atque tam illustris, ut ad hoc usque tempus permansit, ita permanebit, ita reviviscet et prospera est futura.

Ac primum quidem dicere mihi liceat, penitus me habere persuasum, praeter ipsum timorem nihil esse timendum—terrorem illum dico, incertum, non iustum, ratione carentem, qui cassum reddit quidquid tentare necesse est, ut tandem aliquando regressus in progressum convertatur. Quotiescunque nimirum rem publicam nostram adversa fortuna obscuraverat, duces nostri palam atque fortiter agentes semper ab ipsis civibus tempora recte indicantibus ita adiuvantur, ut omnibus rebus superiores discederent. Persuasum igitur mihi est, in hoc rerumstrarum discrimine, denuo vos opem vestram vestris laturos esse ducibus.

Tali igitur animo et ego et vos communibus obviam ibimus periculis, quibus—est Deo gratia!—fortuna tantum bona sunt exposita. Mercium pretia credi vix potest quantilla e quantis iam sint facta; tributa civibus imposita aucta sunt; solvendo minus pares sumus; nulla rei publicae pars est quin tenues habeat redditus; quaestus universus congelatus, ut ita dicam, in commercii riguit alveis; operae fabriles, foliorum instar exsiccatorum, undique prostratae iacent; agricolae laborum suorum fructus vendere non possunt; permultorum hominum pecuniae, ad usus futuros per multos annos conservatae, perierunt.

Addē—id quod maioris est momenti—quod magna multitudo civium, qui nihil habent in quo laborent, nesciunt unde res ad vitam necessarias comparent; totidem fere minimam operae mercedem percipiunt. Nemo prorsus est—nisi qui stulte omnia semper optime se habere opinatur—qui negare possit, haec tempora quasi densissimis tenebris esse offusa.

Neque tamen angustiae nostrae ex ulla rerum inopia sunt exortae. Non locustarum sumus incursione funesta afflictī. Quodsi nostram comparamus sortem cum periculis a patribus nostris superatis, qui cum essent spe suffulti, ideoque a timore erant liberi, multae profecto sunt rationes, ob quas gratos retineamus animos. Etiamnunc natura nobis sua offert dona amplissima; dona, inquam, hominum industria aucta atque amplificata.

(Sequentur reliqua)

Prairie du Chien, Wis.

A. F. GEYSER, S. J.

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EDITOR

James A. Kleist, S. J.
St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

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Francis A. Preuss, S. J. St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo.
Joseph A. Walsh, S. J. Milford Novitate, Milford, Ohio
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..... St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo.

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Editorial

It will interest all those concerned with college classical clubs to know that the Greek society of Holy Cross College, known as the Cross and Scroll Club, sponsors programmes of lectures which are broadly humanistic, rather than narrowly departmental. The present season's schedule of the club includes nine lectures, beginning with one by Professor Louis J. A. Mercier, of Harvard University, on Humanism and the Catholic Classical College, and continuing with the following titles: a Tour of the Acropolis, the Greek Theatre, the Historical Background of Classical Literature, a Gaelic Spartan and Warrior Poet (Padraic Pearse), Lear—the Great Protagonist, Christian Latin Hymnody, Classical Echoes in the Singers of To-day, and Currents and Counter-Currents in the Stream of Modern Literature. May our college classical training everywhere grow ever broader, more literary, and more humanistic!

Some of our readers may perhaps need to be reminded of the excellent work done by the Service Bureau for Classical Teachers, located at New York University, Washington Square East. This Bureau is a cooperative undertaking designed to serve as a clearing-house for ideas connected with the teaching of Latin in high schools. Material is collected from all parts of the country and is put into mimeographed and printed form in so far as the financial resources of the Bureau permit. The mimeographed material is lent to teachers for postage only, or is sold for a nominal price, usually five cents per item. Printed material in the form of *Latin Notes Supplements* and *Bulletins* is not lent, but is sold for the lowest price consistent with the cost of printing. Lists of material, known as Leaflets, may be secured upon request.

All material, as it first appears, is advertised in *Latin Notes*, a four-page (and often eight-page) periodical issued eight times a year from October to May. This publication contains articles from the pens of experienced Latin teachers all over the country and is designed to offer concrete help in the way of suggestions for securing desirable results from the teaching of Latin in secondary schools. A sample copy of this publication will be sent upon request. By sending \$1.00 per year, teachers may secure the *Latin Notes* free of charge (including back copies for the year) and at the same time become members of the American Classical League, under whose auspices the Bureau was organized.

Readers of the BULLETIN who are familiar with Spanish may be interested in the following two works, published in connection with the Virgil bimillennium. *Virgilio: El Poeta y su Misión Providencial* (Quito, 1932, pp. ix-xlvi and 546) treats of Virgil's poetic art and his much-discussed "Christian" spirit. A supplementary pamphlet, *La Ascensión Espiritual de la Crítica Virgiliana: Tres Sonetos* (Quito, 1933, pp. 31) contains further appreciation based on three sonnets written in Virgil's honor. Both works are by the Reverend Aurelio Espinosa Pólit, S. J., of the Jesuit Juniorate in Quito, and may be obtained from Editorial Ecuatoriana, Plaza de San Francisco, 41, Quito, Ecuador.

We are happy to print in this issue a Latin rendering of the opening paragraphs of President Roosevelt's Inaugural Address, delivered March 4, 1933. It will be noticed that the translator has successfully grappled with the President's well-known vigor of expression. There was a further difficulty to be overcome in finding appropriate terms for several words and phrases in the address, which represent ideas not so familiar to the Romans as they are to us.

Achilles or Hector?

When Homer chose for the subject of his epic a major event from the history of Greece, he was forced by the very nature of his choice to adhere more or less closely to tradition. He was Greek, and set himself to write for the glorification of Greece a great epic in commemoration of a great national victory. It is evident that he must have found his story definitely told in its main outlines. The Trojan war, its origin in the rape of Helen, its ten years' duration, the great heroes with their personal characters, especially the character and prowess of the great champion Achilles,—all these things must have been more or less definitely settled by the tradition of his country, and he had to accept the facts, in the main, as the people understood and believed them.

But the readers of Homer to-day are not necessarily in sympathy with the history or legends of ancient Greece. It is not the patriotism of Homer, but Homer's magnificent genius that charms us to-day. It is idealized history, or the portrayal of universal truth, that arouses our interest in Homer; not the triumph of Greek over Trojan, but the victory of a noble man over the forces that stand against humanity.

This observation leads one to ask some more or less pertinent questions with regard to the critical appreciation of the Iliad. Who was the traditional, historical hero of the Trojan war? Achilles. But who was Homer's true hero in the epic of the Iliad? Was it the historical champion of a barbaric age, Achilles, or the ideal imaginative hero of the great soul of a poet, Hector?

With the character of Achilles Homer could not work freely; but the spirit of his poetic hero, Hector, was his very own; he might draw it and treat it as his great human heart dictated. The pitiless, haughty, but invincible warrior of the Greek tradition might catch many touches of nobility and humanity from Homer's pen; nay, he was undoubtedly drawn as nobly as Homer could mould the traditional material: he was the victor at Troy, and the hero of Greece. But through the savagery, the glory, and the pathos of that bloody siege, the soul and the ideals of Homer himself quietly and majestically move in the character of Hector. For the Greeks the Homeric epic was the Achilleid; for Homer, may we not ask, was it not rather the tragedy of Hector?

In the first place Homer's title, the "Iliad," and not the "Achilleid,"* may arouse in us a suspicion, at least, that the poet considered his story something greater than the history of a single hero. Moreover, the tragedy of Hector becomes more impressive as one follows it consciously through the Iliad. In every book, in every major action of the poem, acting or being acted upon, it is Hector more than any other character who is kept before the eyes of the reader. Finally, I should like to suggest that the unity, the point, and the emphasis of the Iliad gain very much if its main theme be considered as not the narrow portrayal of the wrath of Achilles, but the full and tragic death of Hector, and in him, of Troy.

Which hero do we know best as the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad closes: the warrior Achilles, whom we have seen moping in his hut or raging in battle; or the patriot Hector, the ever-active bulwark of Troy, in council, among his kinsfolk, at home with his wife and son, pleading in righteous anger with his brother Paris, fighting with manly, god-fearing courage for his city and his people, and, finally, giving his life in a cause for which he had neither heart nor conviction? Is not Homer's noble interpretation of the riddle of life taught us just as powerfully, to say the least, by the death of Hector for his people, as by the abating of the wrath of Achilles?

I believe we should view Homer from our vantage ground of centuries. I believe we should see him as a world-poet; interpret Achilles as the world-warrior; and include in our vision Hector as the world-citizen. Let us see the story of Troy's fall as the triumph of might in the arms of Achilles; and equally as the triumph of right in the glorious death of Hector. The Iliad is the epic of a people's valor and the tragedy of a man's courage, a tragedy high and noble as the story of Antigone. I should like to believe that Homer's first verse:

Sing, goddess, the Wrath of Achilles,

introduces and complements the last:

Thus held they the funeral for Hector, tamer of horses.

The genius of Homer, the broadness of his view, and our appreciation of his work gain immensely when we place, as he did, in the middle of the stage, through the greatest part of his drama, the world-hero Hector, in his struggle and victory over the powers that were leagued against him.

Florissant, Mo.

LEONARD A. WATERS, S. J.

NOTE

*We are presuming that the title was given to the poem by its author.

Vergil's Aeneid and Aristotle's Poetics

We shall hardly even begin to appreciate the Aeneid until we realize that with all its complexity of structure and movement, with all its debt to both Iliad and Odyssey, it is no less than these an organic unity and a masterpiece of original creative art.—J. W. Mackail, *Vergil and His Meaning to the World To-day*, Ch. VIII, p. 99.

It is interesting as well as instructive to verify Professor Mackail's statement regarding the artistry of Vergil's Aeneid by showing that the superstructure of the great Roman epic tallies in the main with the blueprint of Aristotle's Poetics. The finery of the stone work in this edifice, the harmony of the intricate designs in the details, the decoration of its pillars, and the embellishment of its friezes are, of course, the creation of Vergil's own "artist-soul."

We take for granted that the reader is acquainted with Aristotle's treatment of the Epic. We shall find that the requirements he lays down for epic poetry are in general fully verified in the Aeneid.

- I. The *Action* (πρᾶξις) of the Aeneid is the bare material of the poem and may be briefly stated thus: When Troy had been razed by the Greeks, Aeneas set out for Italy on the divine mission of founding the Roman race. After seven years of untold sufferings on land and sea, he arrived on the shores of Latium. He was hospitably received by King Latinus and espoused to the King's daughter, Lavinia. Turnus, a suitor for the hand of Lavinia from the neighboring realm, declared war on Aeneas, but was finally slain by his rival in single combat. In his last moments he yielded to Aeneas the hand of Lavinia and his kingdom.

The action is

1. *Single* (μία): Not the whole life of Aeneas, but only that section of it dealing with his founding of the Roman race, is selected.
2. *Serious* (σπουδαία): Aeneas is a noble character on a higher level of goodness. The subject of Rome's founding is great and noble, even national.
3. *Complete* (τελεία) and *Whole* (ὅλη) with a *certain Magnitude* (ἔχουσά τι μέγεθος): Everything necessary for the story is present. The story of the wandering is complete, and with the war and final μονομαχία of Aeneas with

Turnus, the action is brought to an end. The founding of the Roman race is accomplished. The action has

- A. *A Beginning* (ἀρχή)—the embarking of Aeneas from Troy.
- B. *A Middle* (μέσον)—the series of events naturally following the setting out from Troy and causally following the purpose of the journey, i. e., the founding of the Roman race. (Books I-VI: the labors endured on land and sea; Books VII-XII: the difficulties of the war.)
- C. *An End* (τέλευτή)—which naturally follows after the war and final victory of Aeneas over Turnus. Lavinia necessarily becomes Aeneas's wife, and the founding of Rome is an accomplished fact. The duel with the final and fatal sword-thrust is a concrete incident marking the end of the action, in which we feel that the picture has found its frame. The beautiful lines at the close of Book XII mark the end of the poem, but not the goal of the story. Maphaeus Vegius (15th century), thinking the Aeneid unfinished, wrote a thirteenth Book of some six hundred lines. He added nothing substantially to the Aeneid, except a long and dragging tail, because Vergil, with supreme artistry, had, by an anticipatory order, already told the rest of the story of the Roman race after the death of Turnus. In the statement of the proposition, Vergil tells us that Aeneas will build a city, Lavinium, and establish his gods in Latium, whence will come the Latin race, the lords of Alba, and the walls of lofty Rome. With Turnus, the only obstacle, removed, there is nothing to prevent this from being realized. Hence no dull narrative is required, but the fulfilment of the prediction can be taken for granted. The rest of the "Thirteenth Aeneid" is found in Jove's prophecy (I, 257-296), where there is strong promise of the apotheosis of Aeneas, in Aeneas's vision of Rome's future heroes (VI, 756-886), and in the pictures on Aeneas's shield of Rome's conquests and greatest victories (VII, 626-817). Jove's prophecy is confirmed in Book XII (793-840), where Juno yields (794). Here ends the complication, and here begins the dénouement, which is finally closed with the words of Turnus, *Tua est Lavinia coniunx*.

The "Unity of Time" for the Epic has been set by tradition as the space of a year, just as for Tragedy it was the period of a single day. The time, which the action of the Aeneid includes, is about one year, in accordance with the traditional canon. The poem opens in the seventh summer (*septima aetas*, I, 756 and V, 626) of Aeneas's wanderings. He arrived at Carthage in the seventh

summer and remained there during the autumn and part of the winter. He left Carthage in winter (IV, 309), and arrived in Sicily in early spring. Later in that same spring he arrived in Latium after a swift voyage. About twenty days are taken up by the last six Books. Thus it is about summer again, just a year after the opening of the Aeneid, when it closes, and thus fulfills the *magnitude* of the Unity-of-Time precept.

- II. *The Fable* (μῦθος) of the Aeneid is the action, as stated above, adorned with episodes and amplified in detail. It is the Aeneid, as a whole, which we possess in the twelve Books with its 9896 lines.

- A. *The formative parts of the Fable*, with its peripeties and discoveries, its complications and solutions, will be evident from F. M. Connell's outline in his *Study of Poetry*¹ (pp. 98-99):

- "1. The introduction, consisting of theme and invocation, is contained in the first eleven lines of the poem.

- "2. The poet next plunges into the middle of the action. Aeneas is revealed in the seventh year of his wanderings. He encounters a storm stirred up by Juno, from which he escapes and is cast on the African coast. (This peril and the escape represent one of the many minor complications and solutions. Book 1.)

- "3. Books 2, 3, 4 are concerned with the infatuation of Dido for Aeneas, from which he eventually extricates himself. (Another minor complication and solution.) In the course of his entertainment by Dido, the hero narrates the events of the six years preceeding the opening of the poem,—his escape from Troy, his adventures in Thrace, Crete, Epirus, and Sicily. (*Ordo praeposterus*.)

- "4. Book 5 describes the funeral games held in honor of his departed sire (an episode),—and another minor complication and solution, viz., the firing of the ships and the quenching of the flames by a downpour of rain.

- "5. The whole of Book 6 is a long episode, the descent of Aeneas into Hades to visit the shade of Anchises. During this episode the great national import of the poem is kept in view by frequent allusions to Roman and Italian names and customs, and particularly by the vision of Rome's future heroes, granted to Aeneas before his return to the upper world.

- "6. Books 7 and 8 narrate how Aeneas is disappointed in suing for the hand of Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus, and the beginning of his war with his arch-enemy Turnus. (This begins the final complication.)

- "7. Books 9 and 10 describe Aeneas's peril in

the war and his partial success. This continual battling is a preparation for the final solution of the poem. (Final complication—continued.)

"8. Book 11 is taken up with the burial of Pallas (an episode); the attack on Turnus in his stronghold. (Final complication—continued.)

"9. In Book 12 Juno succumbs to the power of destiny, and withdraws her opposition to Aeneas,—Turnus is slain at the hand of Aeneas, and the hero's triumph is complete. This is the solution of the fable."

B. *The quantitative parts of the Fable* of the Aeneid are:

1. The *Exordium*: which includes the statement of the proposition (1-7), and the invocation of the Muse (8-11), in the eleven opening lines of the poem.
2. The *Complication* (δέσις): which is the body of the poem up to the duel of Aeneas with Turnus.
3. The *Solution* (λύσις): which begins with the duel in Book XII.
4. The *Episodes* (ἐπεισόδια) are evident from the above outline. They are integral parts of the Fable and cannot be removed from it without serious change; they are not, however, parts of the *Action*, and can be readily separated from it.

III. *Character* (ἦθος) in the Aeneid would be too comprehensive a subject to treat in detail here. We may note that the main character, Aeneas, is good, *pious*, manly, true to life and to his purpose, and consistently portrayed to the end. Even to the end he is fulfilling the divine mission entrusted to him with his usual devotedness (*pietas*) to the gods and to his fellowmen. His devotedness (a) to his father is conspicuous throughout the first six Books, (b) to his son, Ascanius, is prominent throughout the whole poem, (c) to his wife, Creusa, in the second Book, when he rushes back into the burning city to recover her. Everywhere he is *pious Aeneas*.

IV. *Thought* (διάνοια) is evident in the depth and concentration of the Vergilian proverbs, in the superb oratory of Aeneas to his men, of Ilioneus, spokesman for the *Aeneadae*, of Drances, the Latin court-orator, and of the fourth Book especially, where the exchange of oratory between Dido and Aeneas, and Dido's own three great monologues towards the close reach the highest point in Vergil's rhetorical power.²

V. The *Diction* (λέξις) in the Aeneid hardly requires mention. "The great abundance of sense-teeming collocations, the effective sound-imitations, the careful artistry of the metre, the fastidious and forceful choice of words, the precision of the joiner's craft in the composition," the sustained dignity of tone, all bear ample witness to Vergil—"wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."

The Aeneid is an architectural achievement of the finest symmetry, well rounded as a Roman arch, massive and stately as a Roman temple. "The whole edifice seems to be, not dead stone, but a living growth, almost movable and flexible, and, playing in the sunlight, it has all the delicate charm of filigree silver. The poem as a whole gives a strong and real sense of living organic unity."³

Worcester, Mass.

VINCENT DE PAUL O'BRIEN, S. J.

NOTES

1. Reprinted by kind permission of the author, F. M. Connell, S. J., and the publishers, Messrs. Allyn and Bacon, Boston.
2. For further study of some of the Speeches in the Aeneid, see CLASSICAL BULLETIN, Vol. VIII, Nov. 1929, pp. 13 ff.
3. R. S. Conway, *The Vergilian Age*, Ch. IX, p. 139.

Cicero—An Expert at Repartee

One of the country's well known and widely read columnists, in commenting recently on the death of a popular *comédienne*, said: "Her bright sallies seemed to be spontaneous, for, in her public appearances, she had a remark ready for every, even the most unexpected, happening. But it was not impromptu. The situation had occurred before." We know little enough about the lady's merits as a quick wit, but we cannot help being struck with the aptness of the comment, were it applied to Cicero. Tullius, too, was a showman, but—one wouldn't carry the comparison any further.

The fact that Cicero was considered a great wit among the intelligentsia of the capital, may not be fully realized by the student whose knowledge of him is limited to his orations and possibly a few pages of his rhetorical and philosophical works. He might hardly suspect that the fiery, egotistical orator who tells the citizens in his *Catilinarians* that he would die for his country, in his "Pro Tullio" that he saved Rome, in his "Pro Archia" that all his leisure is spent in the pursuit of studies, was a jovial companion much sought after at convivial gatherings.

His friend C. Asinius Pollio writes to him:

That you should have put a dear friend of mine on the list of your own, is more gratifying to me than you can imagine; and yet I am jealous of his walking and joking with you. You will ask how much I value that? If ever I am permitted to live a life of peace, you will find out; for I am not going to stir a single step from your side. (*Ad fam.* X, 31.)

Cicero found himself in many a delicate situation from which, because of his wit and because he had foreseen the use of that wit, he could almost always extricate himself. He had that wonderful quality which kept him from appearing to fawn, even when, as in his orations for Roscius and for Murena and in his relations with Caesar after the Civil War, he was constrained to oppose the policies of the ruling power.

Casper Poggel has said: "The droll has its proper sphere in human affairs." Nothing helped Cicero more than his drollery to pass through the difficult times following his pardon by Caesar. We know from his correspondence that, though he was greatly worried over his safety, he dared to make jokes about the Dictator

while others were silent in their terror of him. Thus he gave the impression that Caesar's greatness did not intimidate him. After returning to Rome, impunity made him even more outspoken, and while keeping that *silentium diuturnum* in the Forum, his only care was to coat his critical remarks with much pleasantry. He had studied the character of Caesar throughout his entire public career, and knew that he had a sense of humor that enabled him to enjoy wit, even when it was exercised at his own expense. This opinion was confirmed when Caesar, instead of getting angry, as many feared he would, had a collection made of Cicero's jokes, and ordered them sent to him while finishing the Civil War in Spain.

Cicero himself was rather jealous of his reputation as a wit and thought himself justified in complaining, as Mark Twain might have done, when a bright sally attributed to him did not ring so clearly at its retelling. From Cilicia he writes to his friend Volumnius:

Everything in your letter gave me the greatest pleasure, except the fact that as my representative you are not strenuous enough in your defence of my rights as the proprietor of my own salt-pits (*possessio salinarum mearum*). For you tell me that since I left Rome, all the *bons mots* of all the wits, including even those of Sestius, are attributed to me. What! Do you permit such a thing! Don't you defend me! Don't you protest! I really did hope that I had left my own *bons mots* so distinctly characterized that they could be recognized of themselves. (*Ad fam.* VII, 32.)

Although he says in this same letter that he is speaking in jest (*Derideri te putas? Nunc demum intellego te sapere*), we cannot fail to see the real Cicero showing between the lines, especially in the words *ut cognosci sua sponte possent*.

Cicero's vanity is at all times evident, but it is to his credit that he made use of every possible device to rise to his own standard of a first-rate orator. He worked strenuously, and even used the comic actor Roscius as a model, closely observing his grace and ease, and rounding out completely his own natural talent. He went about the attainment of his goal in the practical manner characteristic of the Roman. His ambition was ascendency in the Forum, and since a sparkling personality was necessary for this, he trained himself to please on every occasion. Perhaps orators are born and not made:

Natura enim fingit homines et creat imitatores et narratores facetos adiuvante et vultu et voce et ipso genere sermonis; (*De Oratore* II, 54, 219)

so, too, are wits; and Cicero undoubtedly placed himself in this class.

But it was at the dinner table and the public resort that the orator showed his wit in rare form. He revelled in the attention paid him, and strove with all his mind to keep the centre of the stage. He was a brilliant conversationalist, except for one inevitable fault,—he was not a good listener:

A dinner party is my delight; there I talk on any subject that crops up (as they say), and I convert groans into hearty guffaws. . . . So you have no reason to be so awfully afraid of my arrival. You will receive a guest who is not so fond of food as he is full of fun. (*Ad fam.* IX, 26.)

Indeed, it seemed but a matter of course to him that people should hang upon his every word and seek out the *sales* of his daily conversation. His was a deeply ingrained self-confidence, and the announcement that Caesar, interested in his flashes, was able to discern the real Ciceronian jibe from the spurious ones, elicited little more than the laconic comment: *Sed tamen ipse Caesar habet peracre iudicium*, and: *Quod eo nunc magis facit, quia vivunt mecum fere cotidie illius familiares*. (*Ad fam.* IX, 16.)

Crassus seems to have been the butt of many of Cicero's choice *bons mots*, his love of money leaving him open to thrusts of a biting nature. "What should put it into my head to say that no one of my family ever lived beyond sixty?" Crassus asked of him. "It was to gain the people's favor," was Cicero's reply. Plutarch cites six distinct remarks which were not at all complimentary to the Roman millionaire, but probably well deserved by him. But Cicero did not confine himself to Crassus. While dining at the house of Damosippus, his host offered him some inferior wine, remarking: "Drink this Falernian, it's forty years old." As he sipped it, the orator said: "It bears its age well."

Cicero seriously studied the use of wit and humor in oratory, and discusses it at length in the second book of the *De oratore*, where he is careful to distinguish the orator from the clown:

Temporis igitur ratio et ipsius dicacitatis moderatio et temperantia et raritas dictorum distinguet oratorem a scurra; et, quod nos cum causa dicimus, non ut ridiculi videamur, sed ut proficiamus aliquid, illi totum diem et sine causa. (*De Or.* II, 60, 247.)

But the sorry puns of his orations, and especially of the Verres trial, serve to show the great difference between our standard of judging wit and that of the Romans. Our law courts would hardly tolerate remarks such as *ad everrendam provinciam*, and *Verrem in luto volutatum*. The modern lawyer must be far more subtle and cannot go to the same lengths as Cicero did. It is said somewhere that he was the foremost wit of his age, a reputation that could not, however, rest on specimens taken from his orations only, for they have not the flash and color of ready wit. He was resourceful, undoubtedly, and often uttered a remark seemingly made for the moment; but his years of training under Philo, Demetrius, and Molo of Rhodes had prepared him. His daily practice made him foresee every possible situation, and when it came, it did not require improvisation. "The situation had occurred before."

Grand Coteau, La.

JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S. J.

All evil is a mistaking of means for ends.—*St. Thomas Aquinas*

The mark of the true classic is the power of giving pleasure to the young and old of many generations through some fascinating and constantly renewed testimony to the indestructible continuity of human nature.

—J. W. Duff

